

NORTHSTAR

\$2.75 USA MATURE
\$3.00 CANADA NOVEMBER 92

COLLECTOR'S ISSUE!

THE NEW STANDARD
IN SHOCK HORROR

SPLATTER



Gould
142

INSIDE!
SPECIAL FIFTH ISSUE
"HOMAGE TO HOMICIDE"

IT DOESN'T GET ANY REDDER THAN THIS!

"What? Splatter '95? And I didn't have to wait six months for it?" No no no dear reader, just two. Yes, we are on a regular schedule at last. Once again with a fully painted cover, this time by Steve Gould. Let's see how long we can keep this up...

Our first story out of the gates, *Pawnshop*, is a delightful little slice-o-life tale centered around a business that some may find unsavory, -not us though. Brought to you by the creative team of Pablum Spriggs & Jeremy Johnson, (who?) this tale will certainly remind all of us of the joy of being young. Tra la, tra-la.

Next, from the macabre mind of Raphael Nieves we bring you *Squirrelhead Raff*, who many of you may know from the critically acclaimed *Tales From The Heart*, (published by both Slave Labor & Epic Comics) is working on a number of decidedly evil projects for us, with this being the first. Illustrated by rising star Rich Longmore with inks by Phil Moy, this is one group we plan to keep together. Hey, if you know any animal rights activists, be sure to buy them a copy of this. It's sure to warm their furry little hearts. Really.

Rounding out this issue is the final chapter of *Boots Of The Oppressor*, by the creative team of LaMorris Richmond, Jeff Moy, & Cory Carani. I don't use the word team lightly here. Great care was lavished upon this project, and the results do indeed speak for themselves. I'm sure you'll be as impressed as I am. If you don't like it, so what? What do you know? This is not your standard comic fare.

Northstar comics have never been for the squeamish, and now they're no longer for the stupid either. These are intelligent horror stories, rendered with the whitest flashes of violence, and the blackest, vilest strokes of humor. It's what's been missing in horror comics for a long time. Well, no longer.

Do you know how to write? well, prove it. Drop us a line, and spit forth your comments about what you hold in your hands. What the hell, we may get a regular letter column outta this.

Be sure to check out *Slash* #2, on sale now. You know James O'Barr? You know *The Crow*? Well, *Slash* has got *Zeitgeist*, O'Barr's first on-going series since that monumental comic event. This is not to be missed. Just ask your dealer for your copy. If he doesn't have it, slug him in the puss, take his money, and burn his place down. Or have him order you one, it's your call.

Stay sick.

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Tunes

Drain

Pick Up Heaven

Trance Syndicate

The perfect soundtrack for speeding along the interstate. More psycho-sludge from Texas, Satan's favorite state. If your in one of those little fuel-efficient Jap shitboxes forget it, man. This will shred you to pieces.

'Urge Overkill

Stull E.P.

Touch and Go

Best fuckin' 1/2-an album this year. Stull, Kansas, is geographically the center of America, and this is the dirty blues from the center of her soul. Plus a cover of Neil Diamond's "Girl, you're a woman now". Way cool.

Flicks/Vid

Tetsuo, The Iron Man

A new dawn is upon us my friends. Man into metal. In one hour this black-and-white Japanese feature makes David Lynch and Cronenberg look like clueless flounders. One-to-relish.

The Dead Next Door

Zombies, blood, guts, cults, laughs, government death squads. Ranks high on gross outs, yet more than your average splatter picture- it's got a good story. Now don't go telling me you that doesn't matter, you illiterate bastards.

Zines

Speed Kills '93

Nitro-injected mayhem at 248 m.p.h. Show reviews, record reviews, hot rod reviews. The better homes and garden of the underground. Leaves all the others in a cloud of dust.

Got anything you want hyped?

Send it to:

Northstar Hype, 2551 N. Clark #402
Chicago, Illinois 60614

PAWNSHOP

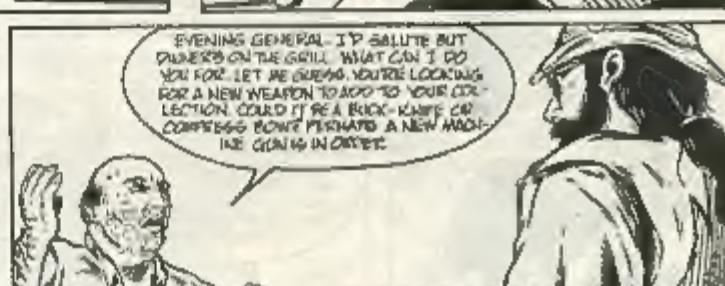


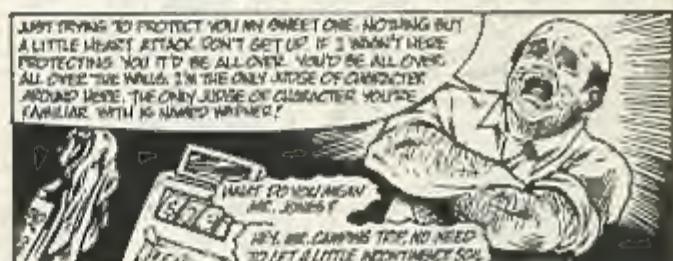
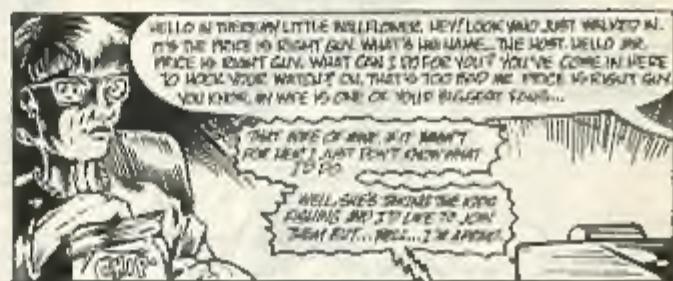






BEEN DOING THIS FOR TOO DAMN LONG...
GIVEN ALL KINDS... BURN IT ALL... AND AS
FAR AS I'M CONCERNED IT'S ALL GONE.
CRAP ON ME, I WASN'T BORN IN A BAG.
FUCK 'EM ALL, EAT UP THESE FRIGGIN'
PAPER VAULT THING...







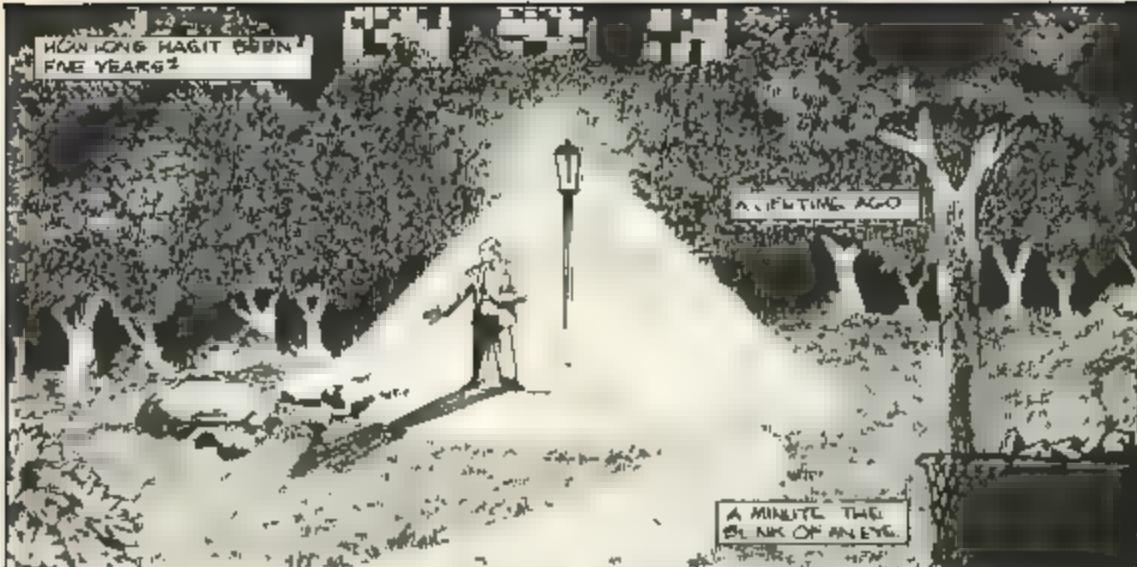
YES, YES indeed! THE NAME'S NOAH FOSTER AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU LOVELY PEOPLE THIS EVENING? PLEASE STEP AWAY FROM THE POOL! COME HERE, COME HERE.







HOW LONG HAD IT BEEN
FIVE YEARS?



WHEN SADOW DIED, MILES APPREND KNEW THE
CLOCK HAD STOPPED FOR HIM THERE WAS NO
TOMORROW ONLY YESTERDAYS BY THE
HUNDREDS...



AND NOW, OF COURSE

A FIFTY AGO

A MINUTE THE
BLINK OF AN EYE

A LONG, QUICK SUCCESSION OF NOWS THAT FROZE
INTO YESTERDAY'S PALE AND WORN, LIKE MILES,
PALE AND WORN AND GOOSAMERE GRAYER, LIKE THE
SILK OF HIS BLUE SUIT OR HIS SOUL



SARAH WAS A BURST
OF COLOR SHE FILLED
IN MILES' DEAD OUT-
LINES WITH LIFE AND
PURPOSE AND MEAN-
ING



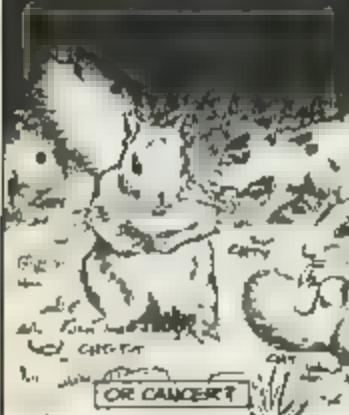
HAP UNTIL THE
DAY SHE DIED

JAKAH LOVED THE PARK AND
SO MILES LOVED THE PARK. SHE
LOVED TO FEED THE SQUIRRELS.
SO HE DID.



SHE GAVE THE
SQUIRRELS
NAMES

MILES DOES NOT WANT
TO KNOW THEM THEIR NAMES.
WHY GET CLOSE ONLY TO
LOSE THEM TO CARS OR
DOGS OR...



FIVE YEARS THAT'S A LONG
TIME TO BE FEEDING SQUIRRELS.
WHY DON'T YOU STOP, MILES?
YOU'RE OLD, TIRED, WHOSE TO
KNOW?

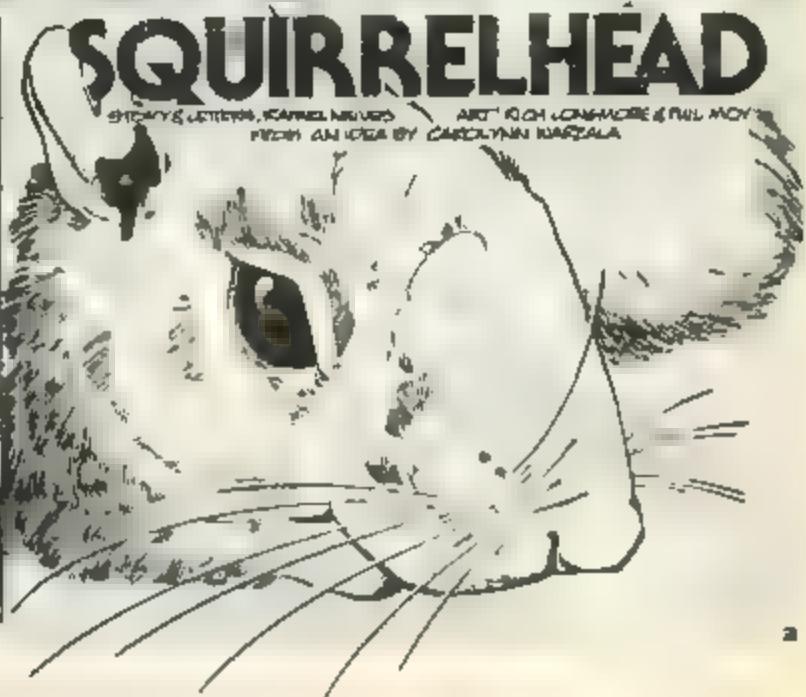


SARAH WOULD KNOW. THE
SQUIRRELS WOULD KNOW.



TO DROP WOULD MEAN
TO DIE AND SARAH
WOULDN'T WANT HIM
TO STOP.







IT'S GOT MY
EEEEEETEEEEE

COME ON IN!

HEELLP IT'S
GOT BEN! IS
GOT BEN!!

HEY SLOW DOWN, PAL.
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

TC
GOT BEN IT'S
EATIN' ME UP
KILLIN' ME!!

WHAT'S THAT
IN YOUR HAND?
ACE? LOOKIN'
LICKIN'

A
CAT. HUGE.
WITH BIG BIG
TEETH AND
AN ABRUZY
TAIL.

And
WELL A
TINY







JERRY SCREAMED THE FIRST DOZEN TIMES THE LITTLE TEETH BIT INTO HIS FLESH.



HE WAS WHIMPERING BY THE SECOND DOZEN



BY BITE NUMBER 257
HE WAS FINALLY DEAD.
AND HE NEVER KNEW
WHY THE ANIMALS HAD
ATTACKED. HE NEVER
KNEW WHY.



OH, IT WOULD BE EASY TO SPECULATE THAT VENGEANCE WAS HAD, JUSTICE WAS SERVED, AND ALL WAS NOW AT PEACE.

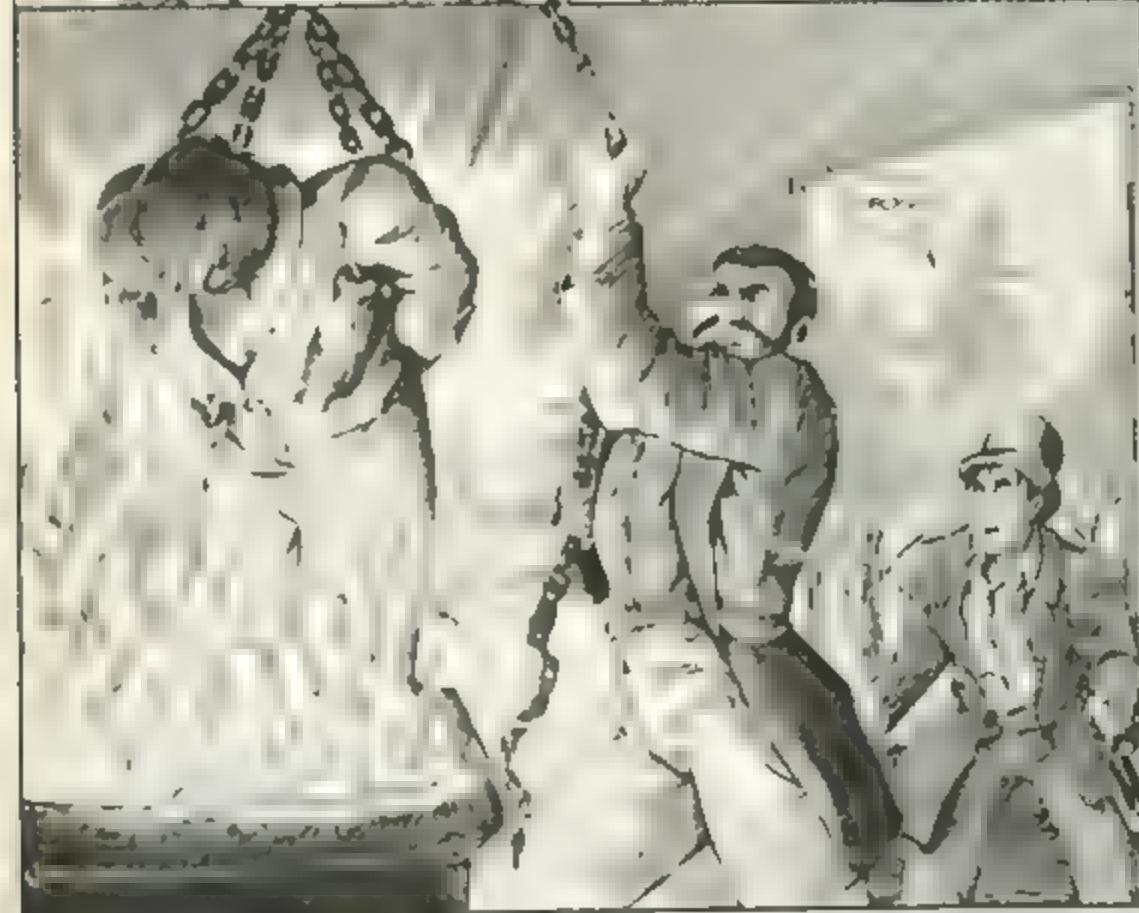
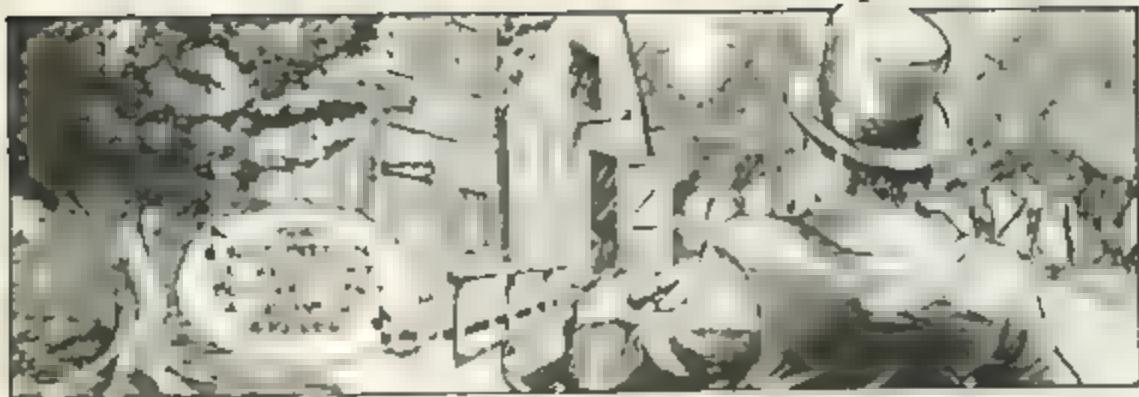


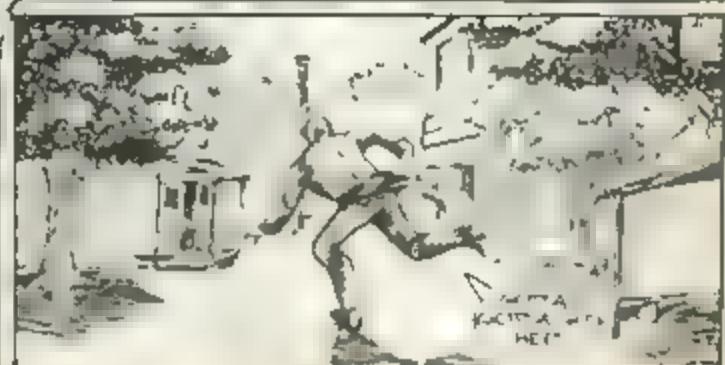
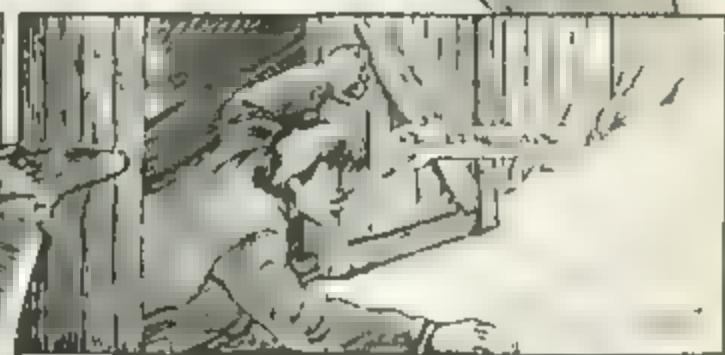
SOMETHING HAD TO REPLACE IT. NOTCH KNEW THAT. NOTCH THE SQUIRREL. NOTCH, WHO DIDN'T JOIN THE FEEDING MOENCY, WHO WAITED, KNOWING WHICH PART HE WANTED.

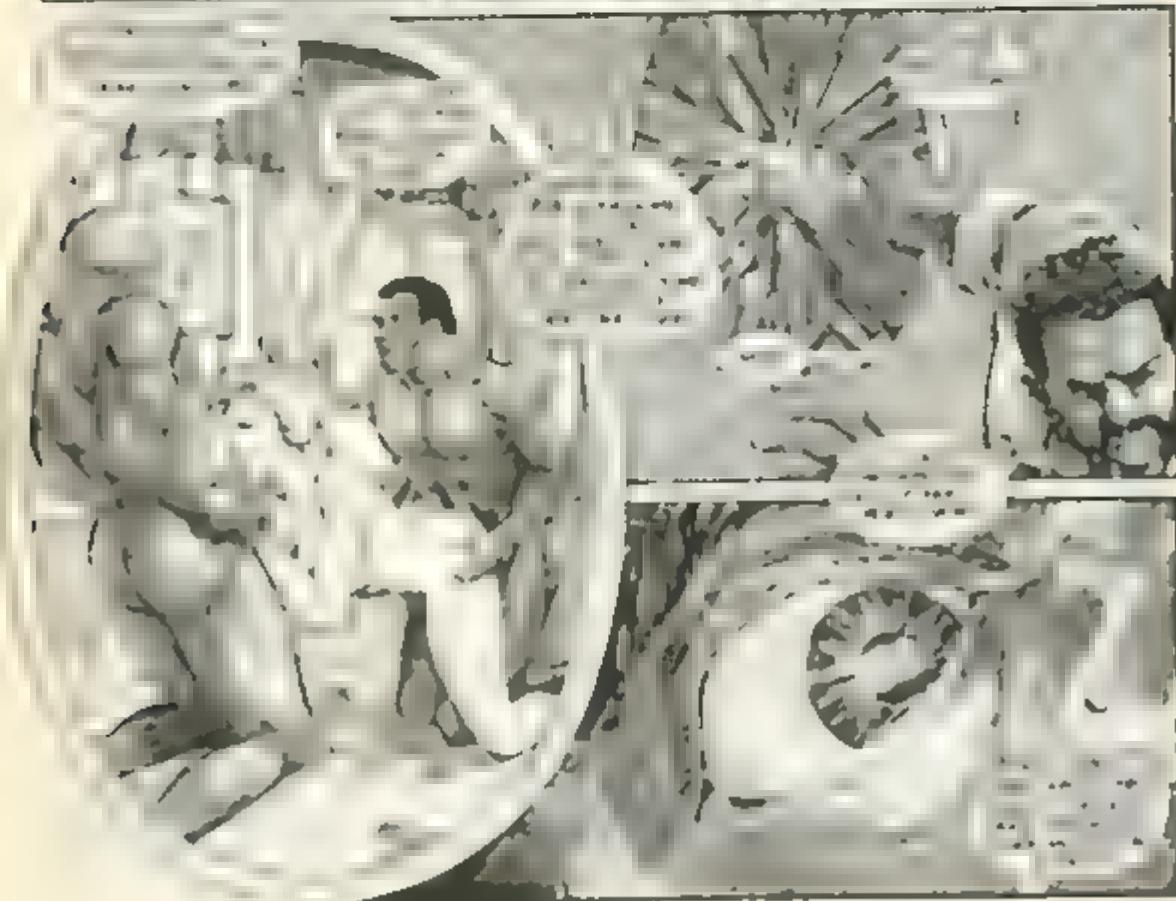


NOTCH, WHO INSTINCTUALLY KNEW ONE INDISPENSABLE FACT ABOUT SQUIRRELS IN WINTER.

CHIT CHIT
SQUIRRELS STORE NUTS IN THEIR CHEEKS



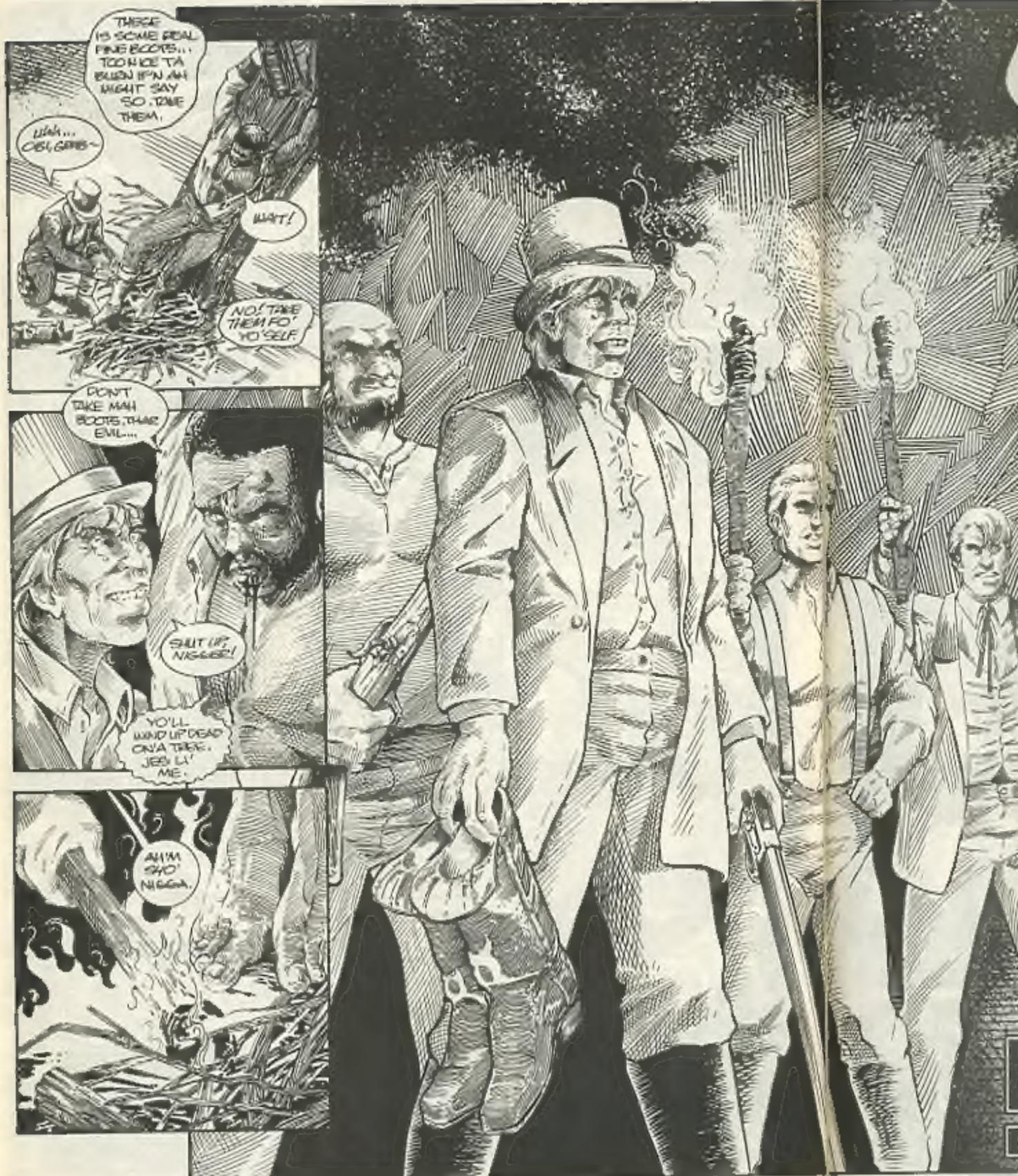












... AIN SHO'
TOO MASSA JONES,
THET AH WHO' LOTTA
MO' YAIL FOLKS GONE'S
FAY BEFO' ANS THU!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

BOOTS OF THE OPPRESSOR

STORY: LA MORRIS RICHMOND • PENCILS: JEFF MOY • INKS: CORY CARANI • LETTERS: RAPHAEL NIEVES